

## THE WIND.

I saw you toss the lilies on high  
And blow the birds about the sky  
And all around I heard you pass,  
Like ladies' skirts across the grass—  
O wind, a-blowing all day long,  
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

I saw the different things you did,  
But always you yourself you hid.  
I felt you push, I heard you pull,  
I could not see yourself at all—  
O wind, a-blowing all day long,  
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

O you that are so strong and cold,  
O blower, are you young or old?  
Are you a beast of field and tree,  
Or just a stronger child than me?  
O wind, a-blowing all day long,  
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

## An Investment.

BY J. H. ROSEN.

Translated by Mrs. Moses P. Handy.  
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We were strolling along the shore of the blue sea. The waves were magnificent. They advanced in catavans, crested with foam, singing crystal songs, they came with great cries and falling upon the rocks left long trails of snow. Rapid, irritable, angry, numberless, they assailed the cliffs, sometimes like a gorgeous garden of white and green flowers, sometimes roaring like ferocious troops of bears, elephants and lions.

"Look," exclaimed Landa, "There goes Lavallo."

All turned. In a little phaeon, they saw a man still young by whose side was a woman of the Iberian type; one of those ravishing beauties who arouse desire, hate and jealousy in every man's breast.

"He's in luck that fellow," murmured the banker Langrune when the phaeon had passed. "By a single stroke he became owner of 90,000,000 francs, and the prettiest woman to be found from pole to pole. And I have worked thirty years to get my beggarly half dozen millions."

"You are envious," answered Landa. "Don't you know that Lavallo owes his fortune and his wife to a good speculation. It all came from an investment of exactly 1,000 francs."

Fifteen years ago our friend Pierre Lavallo was a lucky young fellow of 20 years. He was rich, good-looking, robust in health, and of a nature to call himself of his advantages. His father sent him around the world. In Chile he had as a guide a most intelligent man of excellent family and between them a friendship arose. The guide pretended to have discovered rich veins of silver in the mountains, but he feared to be forestalled and dared trust no one. At the moment of their separation Pierre offered him a thousand francs. Jose Alvarado thanked him with a dignified air and said:

"In ten years I shall be rich and you are my partner."

Then he wrote in the young man's journal this memorandum:

"In ten years I promise to share my property with my partner, Pierre Lavallo."

Jose Alvarado.

"Santiago, Nov. 20, 1885."

Ten years later Pierre Lavallo was completely ruined. His father died of despair after unlucky speculations and left the son only a heritage of debt.

He smiled sadly.

"This very evening the ten years expire. If the good Alvarado wishes to keep his promise he has not much time left."

Two knocks were heard on the door. Pierre said to himself ironically:

"There he is now."

He opened the door. He saw before him a man of large stature, white hair and beard with the mien of a cowboy and the color of cinnamon.

The visitor addressed him in Spanish:

"Excuse me," he said. "I am late. You are Mr. Lavallo?"

"Yes," replied Pierre astonished.

"I am Alvarado."

The young man nearly dropped the lamp.

Alvarado continued:

"I have come to pay my debt."

"Good," thought Pierre, "It will enable me to buy some clothes so I can see her again."

Alvarado continued: "I have made my fortune. I bring you our accounts as we are partners. Aside from my personal property which I deduct, we possess between 50,000,000 and 100,000,000 francs. The half of these have been realized and 25,000,000 francs are at your disposal."

The lamp fell.

"Good," continued Alvarado, "you are content. It is natural. That encourages me to demand something of you. I prefer that the money remain in my family and my family is composed of my sister and my niece."

Disappointment. Pierre had a vision of his magnificent Chilean and remained silent.

"I wish that you marry my niece. You know her already. She is named Anita Pena."

Pierre threw himself upon the cowboy and covered his white head with kisses, while he sobbed for happiness.

"And this," concluded Landa, "is what it is to give 1,000 francs to a Chilean who seeks his fortune."

"I wish I could find one like him to stake," groaned Langrune.

A beggar passed and asked alms in a piteous voice. Langrune turned away. "Why do not the police arrest these vagabonds?" he growled.

"It will bring you good luck to give him money," said Landa.

The banker took a franc from his pocket.

"Make him write a memorandum in your journal," said Songoras.

only by genius heroism or some other great quality. During the entire evening each time she passed near the place where he sat watching her dancing or walking, a wave of passionate adoration and sadness surged through his being.

He saw her again. He was introduced to her and in time to her mother. During the winter he loved her silently and without the least hope. What right had he to covet such a love? hundred men, the elite of Paris, would have killed themselves for her. And she was fabulously rich. So he loved her as one loves inaccessible things, the clouds, the stars or the sun. She welcomed him as she did others and her mother seemed to like him. What did that signify? Pierre was an impossibility. In debt up to his neck he passed through the most humiliating period of his life. The chief of his bureau warned him that he must either settle with his creditors or the bureau would be compelled to dispense with his services.

One evening the poor boy sat with his head in his hands reflecting upon his situation. The thought of suicide entered his brain. A tiny fire burned in his stove; the lamp with little oil flickered. He was cold and hungry, and he felt himself alone and without a sympathetic friend like an animal dying in a cave. In the midst of his distress there came a vision of the Chilean belle and knowing that his clothes were no longer presentable,

## PROUD OF LABELS.

Young Man Frankly Admits Travel Checks Are Ruins

A distance looking young man boarded a Fourteenth street car at Massachusetts avenue the other night. He was carrying a leather suit case. Pasted all over the suit case were labels indicating much foreign travel—steamship posters slapped on at Dieppe, Havre, Ostend, Bremen, Cherbourg, Liverpool, Yarmouth, Naples, and railroad labels that bore the names of all lines all the way from Constantinople to St. Petersburg. The young man of distance appearance put the suit case down between his legs, and all the people in the seats opposite began a fascinated sort of inspection of the labels. A stout man with several of the component parts of a jag who sat next to the young man seemed to regard the labels with particular interest. He stooped over and deciphered them carefully and elaborately and then he looked up at the owner of the suit case with a leer.

"Been around right smart, hain't you, podner?" he inquired.

The young man regarded him with a smile.

"Never been farther away from Washington than New York in my life," he replied, without any hesitation whatsoever. "I got that whole bunch of labels for half a dollar at a little money exchanging joint, down near the Battery, in New York. Hot scheme, isn't it?"

The frankness of the statement so dated several of the passengers who overheard it that they got off at the wrong theater.—Washington Post.

## MUSK OX RAISING.

Industry Will Be Prosecuted Upon an Extensive Scale.

In Sweden the industry of raising the musk ox for its fleece has been started on a large scale, says the New York Journal.

After making many unsuccessful attempts the Kolikhoff Arctic expedition, which several seasons ago returned to Sweden from Greenland, succeeded in there capturing alive two calves of the musk ox, a male and a female, and in bringing them to Sweden in good condition. In this way the musk ox industry started. At present there is a large herd of these animals, which are being cared for on a farm in northern Sweden, where all conditions are apparently suitable for their development. The musk ox (ovibos moschatus) is a singular animal, in appearance resembling both an ox and a sheep, as the scientific name "ovibos" implies. Its introduction into Sweden will be of great benefit to that country, in the opinion of Kolikhoff, who, in flat contradiction to the statements of the older zoologists, says that the flesh of the animal is not merely edible, but of very agreeable flavor. As a fully developed musk ox weighs about 1,500 pounds this is an important consideration. But the principal value of the animal lies in its heavy fleece of dark brown wool of extraordinarily fine fiber. The fleece of a single musk ox outweighs those of 20 sheep.

## OPEN IN WINTER.

Ice-Breakers Prevent Interruption of Traffic at Vladivostok.

Vladivostok is no longer the ice-closed port in winter it formerly was, for the resources of modern shipbuilding have been called in and powerful ice-breakers keep it open the whole year round, so that now there is no interruption of traffic at any season and passenger steamers come at regular intervals all the winter, therefore reasons for obtaining Port Arthur no longer exist, says a Russian correspondent. Still, the climate is not good in winter, and, naturally, the officers of the men-of-war prefer to winter in Port Arthur or Nagasaki, although in summer time the bright side of life in Vladivostok is quite as attractive as in the southern ports. The place has been strongly fortified, but strangers are strictly prevented from visiting the fortifications, which are to be seen on all the hillsides. Magazines, masked batteries and other means of offense and defense have been provided, and they are connected by an electric tramway and by telephone and telegraph, so that in case of attack communication with the various points can be rapidly established. The number of soldiers stationed at Vladivostok has been greatly increased, and probably it would be a more difficult place to capture than Port Arthur.

## Shipbuilding in Germany.

Consul Winter reports from Annaberg, Oct. 2, 1900: "During the past ten years, ship building in Germany has become a great industry. Old wharves have been torn away and new and larger ones constructed in their places. The present capacity of all the wharves does not meet the demands of the German merchant marine. Many orders must still be placed in foreign countries. At present twenty-two ships are being built in England for Hamburg alone. During the first half of the present year the dock owners and shipbuilders of Stettin, Kiel, Flensburg, and Bremen have increased their capital stock on the whole, by \$1,278,000. Many new enterprises are being planned. In the neighborhood of Nordenham, on the Lower Wesel, large wharves are being projected. A wharf for Stralsund is being planned which will cost nearly \$1,000,000. It is also reported that a German-Belgian syndicate will build a wharf in Antwerp under the auspices of the Bremen Vulcan works. The German merchant marine now numbers 1,200 steamers of 1,139,319 tons.

## SEAPORT WHERE THE UNITED STATES BATTLESHIP KENTUCKY IS AT PRESENT LOCATED.

the gulf, partly on the low ground between the hill and the sea. The beauty of the city when seen from the sea, clustering on the low ground and rising tier over tier on the hillside, is frequently praised by the ancients and is celebrated on its coins; the same impression still strikes the spectator, and must in ancient times have been

## The Irrigation Problem.

When in his letter to the irrigation congress General Miles said that private or corporate enterprise could not be trusted with a water monopoly in the arid regions of the west, he expressed a sentiment that will meet with a chorus of approval in every state and territory where irrigation is employed. The truth has been learned through experience by thousands of people, but aside from this it might be inferred with certainty from the circumstances of the case. No monopoly is more absolute than a water monopoly in an irrigated district. Water is the life of the land, an essential to it as breath is to the human body. Where a ditch runs property may be worth \$150 to \$200 an acre for fruit raising. A few rods away from the reach of ditch or pipes it may be worth \$25 or twenty-five cents. Suppose that there is an improvement such as an orange orchard. The value may then run to \$1,000 or \$1,500 an acre. But the trees will die without water, and if a ditch company is unrestrained by law it may exact any terms it pleases. Even a contract would be an imperfect defense in a time of urgent necessity, since a legal dispute over its meaning might result in fatal delays. The worst phases of the matter have been gradually mitigated by the growth of a body of state laws intended to protect the farmer and orchardist, but the remedy is only partial. The monopoly may be controlled by men who have become accustomed from feeding at a full trough, and who, so long as they enjoy a good income, are entirely indifferent to such questions as the adequacy of the supply, improvements, extensions, etc. Thus held monopoly continues to dull enterprise, and a whole community may be made to suffer, even if the rates are not exorbitant. As a matter of fact, however, the rates are generally too high by comparison with the cost of the service, and the cost of ditch or pipe line. In some instances the work could be duplicated at a ridiculously low figure, and when it is considered that the supply may come, say, from a river whose waters in its own bed should be as free to one man as to another, the aggravation of the victim of the monopoly is not hard to understand. That some kind of governmental interposition is necessary is evident from the facts and from the developments in the states. That this interposition should be national in certain vast areas which cannot be adequately handled by the local authorities seems equally obvious. There is work of great magnitude to be done which would be impossible to any other agency than the federal government.

## Workings of Bankruptcy Law.

The present bankruptcy law evidently appeals to debtors more strongly than it does to creditors. During the period ending Sept. 30 last there were filed in involuntary cases 1,810 petitions, and in voluntary cases about 31,000 petitions. The debtors who were forced into bankruptcy owed \$7,000,000 and their assets amounted to \$12,400,000. The liabilities of 15,540 debtors who sought the aid of the law were \$284,500,000 and their assets were only \$23,038,000. This looks like a tremendous wiping out of indebtedness at a great loss of creditors. As a matter of fact, none of these debtors were desperate ones, and could not

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# A VIEW OF SMYRNA.

Smyrna, in ancient times one of the most important and now by far the greatest of the cities of Asia Minor has preserved an unbroken continuity of record and identity of name from the first dawn of history to the present time. It is said to have been a Lelagian city before the Greek colonists settled in Asia Minor. The name, which is said to be derived from an Amazon called Smyrna, is indubitably Anatolian, having been applied also to a quarter of Ephesus, and (under the cognate form Myrina) to a city of Aeolis, and to a tumulus in the Troad. The favorable situation of Smyrna on the path of commerce between Lydia and the west raised it during the seventh century to the height of power and splendor. It lay at the eastern end of an arm of the sea, which reached far inland and admitted the Greek trading ships into the heart of Lydia. Miletus, and at a later time Ephesus, situated at the sea end of the other great trade route across Anatolia, competed for a time successfully with Smyrna for the conveyance of traffic from the interior; but both Ephesus and Miletus have long ago lost their harbors, and Smyrna now remains without a rival. The latter city was founded on the site which it still occupies, partly on the slopes of a rounded hill called Pagus near the southeast end of

much stronger, when magnificent buildings, an imposing acropolis, and the wide circle of massive walls combined with the natural scenery in one splendid picture.

The streets were broad, well paved, and regularly laid out at right angles; many were named after temples; the main street, called the Golden, ran across the city from west to east, beginning probably from the Temple of Delmen Tepe, and continuing toward Tepejik outside the city on the east, where probably the temple of Cybele, the Metropolis of the city, stood. Cybele, worshipped under the name of Meter Sipylene, from Mount Sipylus, which bounds the Smyrna valley on the north, was the tutelary goddess of the city. The plain toward the sea was too low to be properly drained, and hence in rainy weather the streets were deep with mud and water. The river Meles, which flowed by Smyrna, is famous in literature and was worshipped in the valley. The steady equable flow of the Meles, alike in summer and winter, neither swollen after rain nor dry

when Constantinople became the seat of government the trade between Anatolia and the west lost in importance, and Smyrna declined apace. A Turkish freebooter, named Tashba seized Smyrna in 1684 and maintained himself there for some time, but it was recovered by the generals of Alexius Comnenus. The city was several times afterward ravaged by the Turks, and had become quite ruinous when the emperor John Ducas Vatatzes about 1222 rebuilt it. The famous chieftain Aidin conquered it about 1330 and made his son Amur governor. Soon afterwards the Knights of Saint John established themselves in the town, but failed to conquer the citadel. In 1402 Timur stormed the town and massacred almost all the inhabitants. The Mongol conquest was only temporary, but Smyrna has remained until the present day in Mohammedan hands. It is now the greatest commercial city in the Levant; its population is about 200,000, of whom nearly half are Greeks. It is the terminus of the railway system which is gradually spreading over Anatolia. Two lines start from Smyrna; one ascends the Hermus valley by Magnesia and Sardis to Alashehr (Philadelphia), about 110 miles; the other goes south by Ephesus to the Meander valley beside Magnesia on the Maeander and then ascends the valley to the neighborhood of Laodicea on the Lycus, 143 miles. Since the revival of the Levant trade by the Genoese and Venetians Smyrna has been the emporium for the whole produce of Anatolia; the chief raw products exported are valonia, figs, raisins, opium, madder, licorice, cotton, sponges, emery, etc. Almost the only articles of native manufacture which are exported from Smyrna are the carpets woven at Georliz, Conia, Ushak and other places in the interior. Smyrna has frequently been partially destroyed by earthquakes; that of 178 A. D. is the most famous, and in 1658, 1768, and 1880 the town suffered severely.

have been recovered under any circumstances. No harm has been done by freeing from technical liability the men who owed them. The bankruptcy act of 1898 differs from its predecessors in that men engaged in so many pursuits have taken advantage of it. Farmers, wage-earners, and professional men, as well as manufacturers and merchants, have filed petitions. Chicago policemen who were in the clutches of the loan sharks extricated themselves by the simple expedient of going through bankruptcy. The law needs some amendments to the provisions concerning involuntary bankruptcy, but on the whole it is working fairly well. It does not appear that the interests of creditors have been seriously prejudiced by it.

Preliminary work has begun for taking the next census of the United Kingdom on March 31, 1901.

## Completed for some months to come.

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